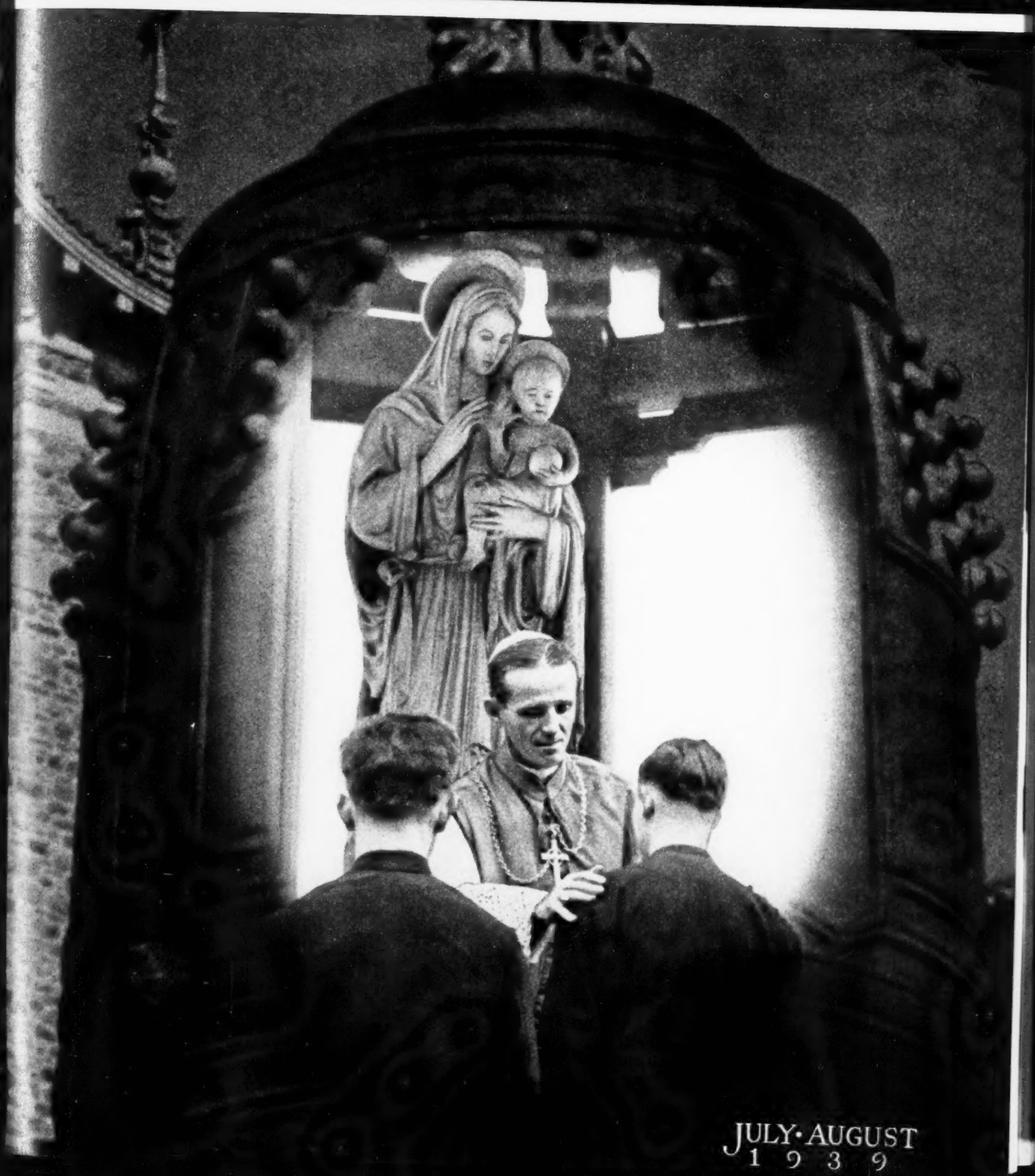




MARYKNOLL

THE FIELD AFAR



JULY•AUGUST
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MARYKNOLL

MARYKNOLL is an American foundation for foreign missions, which includes two societies, one for priests and Brothers and the other for Sisters. Including candidates, the two groups total 1,200.

Central headquarters for both societies are at Maryknoll, New York. Preparatory seminaries for the training of priests are maintained in various sections of the country from Massachusetts to California.

The Maryknoll Fathers were established by the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States

as a national society for foreign missions, and authorized by His Holiness, Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911.

In seven large areas of the Orient — in South China, Japan, Manchukuo, and Korea — Maryknollers are laboring among 20,000,000 pagan souls.

The legal title of the Maryknoll Fathers is *The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.* That of the Maryknoll Sisters is *The Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Inc.*

THE FIELD AFAR

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Our Cover

Our Lady of Maryknoll looks down on the twenty-second departure group through the huge bronze bell that hangs in the shadow of the seminary tower.

← *Sailing the China Sea*

Subscription rates: \$1 a year; \$5 for six years; \$50 for life. Make checks and money orders payable to: The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y. *The Field Afar* is indexed in *The Catholic Periodical Index*, to be found in public libraries. Entered at Post Office, Maryknoll, N. Y., as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 21, 1921.



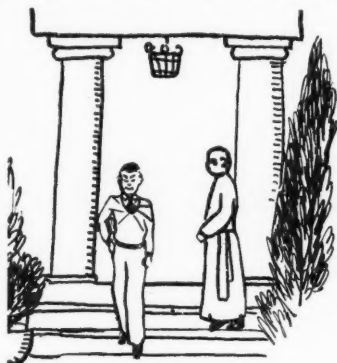
HAWAIIAN SUNSET

TALK OF THE MISSIONS

FLASH!

A Chinese student at the Jesuit college, Hong Kong, was wearing a particularly loud blue tie which caused the master to comment on it. "Yes," the boy replied quite seriously, "my grandmother died last year, and I am in mourning."

The Chinese ice-cream man at the door of the same college, says *The Rock*, wears short trousers and pink silk stockings!



PROGRESS!

Consoling progress is reported for several of the missions on the Island of Timor in the diocese of Macao. In the Hatolia sector, where the Portuguese priests began work late in 1935 with four catechumens and forty-six baptized Christians, the total is now 445 Christians and 336 catechumens. The solid spiritual work accomplished is evidenced by the fact that during the three-year period confessions numbered 12,737 and Communion 30,562.

BEST FOR THE WORLD

How a non-baptized scholar was responsible for the formation of a little nucleus of Christianity in his native village is told by Father James Ley, S.J.

The man visited Father Ley after making a study of all the religious systems in China. He said that he felt Catholicism was best, not only for the personal reform of the individual, but for society and the world in general. Some days later he sent to the priest, asking for a catechist to complete the instruction of twenty persons who also wished to embrace the Faith.

INDIA MARCHES ON

The number of Catholics in India has been nearly doubled since the beginning of the century—2,200,000 in 1900, and over 4,000,000 now. The number of dioceses and vicariates has risen from 29 in 1897 to over 60 now, while schools number 6,250 with roughly 600,000 pupils; Catholic periodicals and newspapers total 106.

Secular priests number 4,408, and members of religious congregations, including Brothers and Sisters, total 10,000.

Prominent among the Catholic lay leaders are Mr. Gilani, formerly a Mohammedan and now a leading Catholic press worker, and Sir C. Joseph Varkey, lately appointed Minister of Education in Madras Presidency.

"IN MY NAME..."

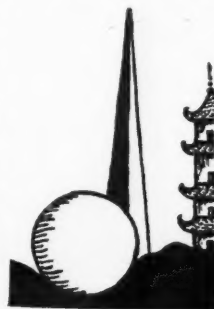
Startling episodes apparently suggesting God's special care for His workers in danger are reported from various missions as the war drags on. One of the latest is the story of a lay Brother in whose room a bomb crashed from overhead and exploded only when it landed in the bedding. The Brother was standing in his room, at the time, and was thrown down by the concussion but received only one minor injury in the head, although when quiet was restored the floor was found to be literally covered with fragments of the unwelcome visitor. Because of the concussion the door was jammed so that the Chinese priest living in the next room could not enter. According to official reports, the Brother is none the worse for wear and is not even suffering from shock.

In another place fire raged so fiercely next door to the mission that glass in some of the mission windows melted in the heat. A squad of impromptu fire-fighters carried water for several hours until the well was empty. The pastor then blessed the well and told his helpers to keep on drawing water. They continued throughout the day with plenty of water and succeeded in saving the mission.

AT THE FAIR

Visitors to the New York World's Fair will find in the British Pavilion a picture of the Maryknoll Sisters' School at Hong Kong. The British colony in that far-eastern city chose the Sisters' school for their display, because they regard it as the best building in the colony from the double viewpoint of architectural beauty and thoughtfully planned utility, and because of its academic excellence. They consider it one of the best-conducted schools in all the colonies of the Empire.

Lady Northcote, wife of Hong Kong's Governor, makes it a point to drive past the Sisters' school frequently to rest her eyes, as she remarked, on what she considers the beauty spot of Hong Kong.





OUT THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE

THE departure bell at Maryknoll is an object of curiosity for all visitors who climb the hill to our Seminary. Our readers who have not been so fortunate as to see the bell for themselves know it, we believe, from the many snapshots of it appearing from time to time in these pages. For the uninitiated—it is the large bell

which holds the center of our cover, this issue. Years ago it hung in a Buddhist temple of Japan, calling worshipers to pagan rites. When the entire village was converted to Christianity, the bell was donated to Maryknoll by the bishop of that distant mission. Now it is sounded, once a year as a rule, on departure day: the bell which once called pagans to worship now calls American youth to rise up, leave home, parents, and kindred, and carry to pagan lands the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

July, it will call fifteen young men to participate in the twenty-second annual ceremony, to go and "teach all nations." The Superior General of Maryknoll, Most Reverend James Edward Walsh, who was a departant in the original group twenty-one years ago, will preside at this year's ceremony. After the *Itinerarium*, the prayer for those setting out on a journey, Bishop Walsh will officially assign the priests to their mission stations.



Congratulations were in order.

This year, on the last Sunday of

The speaker on this occasion will



Timetables provided a new interest.

be the Most Reverend Edward Mooney, Archbishop of Detroit, who was formerly Apostolic Delegate to India and later to Japan. Archbishop Mooney, well acquainted with missions, has long been interested in the work of Maryknoll. His sermon at this time is bound to be an inspiration to the young apostles setting off in their quest for souls.

Before the final Benediction is given, the Superior General embraces each departant with the kiss of peace while the choir sings Gounod's spirited "Hymn of Departure,"



Maps opened new vistas.

composed for the Paris Foreign Mission Society while Gounod was a student of the famous French Seminary.

"It must be a very sad occasion," a visitor remarked recently when we explained the nature of this ceremony. But that is not true. It is solemn, but that solemnity is set like a jewel in the bright gold of the sunset that streams over the Ramapo Hills above the Hudson River and down into our Seminary quadrangle. The atmosphere is positively joyous.

When the Superior General read the assignments to the community before supper one evening, he was interrupted frequently by the applause and manifest joy of those concerned. Supper over, congratulations were in order, maps opening new vistas were explored, and timetables provided an interest as never before. Parents and friends were notified immediately, and telephone wires carried the news to those nearby.

The only sad features were those of the five who did not receive assignments overseas. One, at the announcement that he would pursue higher studies at home, actually turned pale, and those sitting near him admit that they even heard his face drop.

But even these five, buoyed up by the hope of a future mission journey, joined in the spirit of that happy evening.

The assignments, as announced recently, are:

Fushun, Manchukuo

Rev. Joseph E. Early, of Scranton, Pennsylvania.

Heijo, Korea

Rev. Leon A. Harter, of West Pittston, Pennsylvania;
Rev. Daniel F. Lenahan, of Brooklyn.

Kaying, South China

Rev. George L. Krock, of Cleveland; Rev. John J. Elwood, of Brooklyn.

Kongmoon, South China

Rev. Paul J. Duchesne, of Cohoes, New York; Rev. Raymond A. Gaspard, of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Kweilin, South China

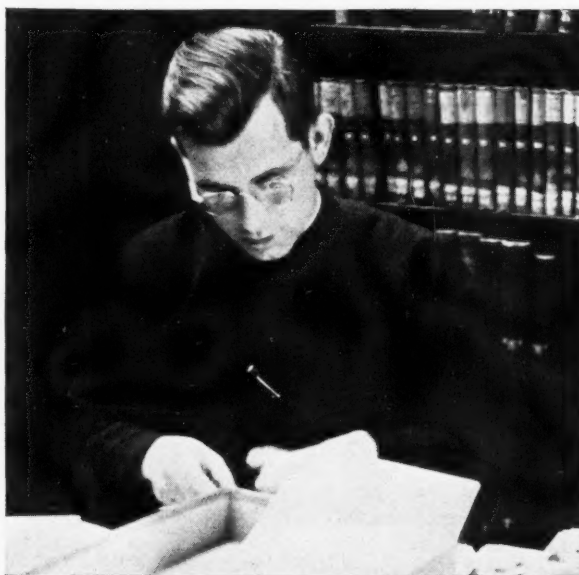
Rev. Edwin J. McCabe, of Providence, Rhode Island;
Rev. Donald L. Hessler, of Lake Ontario, Michigan;
Rev. Herbert V. Elliott, of Elmhurst, Long Island.

Kyoto, Japan

Rev. J. Ryan Hughes, of Philadelphia.

Wuchow, South China

Rev. Thomas J. Brack, of Fitchburg, Massachusetts; Rev. Joseph H. Schrubbe, of Roseland, Nebraska; Rev. Paul S. Welty, of Martinsburg, West Virginia; Rev. John W. Teat, of Philadelphia.



Family and friends were told of the good news.

OUR mission work in Korea is highly successful. Wherever a priest is placed, converts seem to spring up around him. Of course, that does not mean that people can be converted without zealous methods. We have accomplished much through the agency of catechists, both men and women, the latter being found particularly efficacious. Visiting city families is a major means. Our charitable and educational work is limited, but brings converts through the careful and extensive follow up. I believe we lag in village work, as myriad hamlets dot the landscape where we are yet unknown. Our missionaries feel that these villages can be reached.

The Prefecture of Peng Yang is a colonial mission essentially, with the favorable conditions and comparative facilities of colonial work. There is not much to hinder further extension except the lack of personnel. But for the moment the missionaries would scarcely know what to do with more converts, as they are already rather swamped with the present numbers. They say, however, that the solution of this problem is not to refuse additional converts, but rather to devise additional means of dealing with them.

What might be called the parish life of our missions in Korea is rather elaborately developed, and these details absorb much of the priests' energy and time. We have excellent Sunday schools, flourishing sodalities, amazingly well-trained choirs, and other parish organizations. This ought to be continued and emphasized, for there is small utility in bringing people into God's house, unless we also show them a little of its beauty in order to keep them there.

Missioner's Paradise



Women catechists are particularly efficacious.

When Maryknoll's Father General, Bishop James Edward Walsh, visited the Society's missions in Korea he was deeply impressed with the possibilities in that *Land of the Morning Calm*. Missioner's Paradise is an excerpt from his letter.

The obvious need of this Mission is more priests. Some of our missionaries are overworked in caring for their big parishes, at least four of which should be divided. Other new missions could be started almost at will—and should be, if we intend to occupy the territory efficiently. I think it no exaggeration to say that we could double the number of our priests in Korea and find work for them all immediately.

Native Korean priests are a great asset, and we can eventually look for much leadership in their ranks. They possess high gifts of intelligence and zeal.

Our Fathers and Brothers love the country, the people, and the work, and they are essentially happy in their vocations. The language is an intricate

one, but the spirit of study is good and the standard of speech fairly high. Some of our Fathers already possess a working knowledge of both Korean and Japanese. Living conditions are much as they would be in rural America, with very little in the way of special demands on health.

TOUCHING the character of the Sisters' work, I found the natural division of labor rather turned around, as far as regards mission theory, inasmuch as the work of extension and evangelization falls almost exclusively to the natives, while the Sisters are left very largely

to occupy themselves with parish details. Two Sisters visit city families, and the others are variously engaged in some form of home work, a few in the novitiate, their own industrial school, Sunday schools, sodalities, sacristy, and so forth. The roles could be gradually reversed here, with natives trained to care for the parish work (which they will be obliged to assume eventually, if a native Church is to exist) and the Sisters left free to launch out into the work of extension, whether in city or villages, as is more in keeping with their apostolic vocation. This is one of the means under consideration as a part solution for the problem of answering to God and the Holy See for all our unreached villages.

KOREA is a paradise for a missioner. The climate is superb, the living conditions excellent, the people religious, responsive, actively disposed towards the Church by the trend of events. The actual work is easy of performance (though not always easy on the performer), the results are splendid, the prospects bright, the future conversion of the whole country distinctly possible.

Midsummer Sick Call

Very Reverend Thomas V. Kiernan, M.M.

SICK call to Ha-lo," announced the pastor. "Get an early start, and the heat won't be so bad."

Only a sick call, or other urgent necessity, would take us out at this time of the year. Ha-lo, by the way, is a Catholic village nearly twenty miles away. Sheridan had nothing on us, even to the horse, only ours didn't gallop.

Sunday, after Mass, our "squire," otherwise known as horseboy and baggage carrier, led the procession with our Mass kit and other necessary impedimenta, through the Pingnam alleys to the creek which runs through the town. Here we had to dismount and ferry our white nag, named in honor of the famous "Spark Plug," across "Dirty Creek"—its actual name. This was before eight o'clock.

FROM there on, the twenty miles of road lay before us, sun-baked, dry, hot. Besides the usual helmet for a head protection from the sun, we carried an umbrella. Our horseboy is a good walker, but our horse isn't. With a hundred pounds of burden on his shoulder, the boy completely out-walked the horse. Hence, when he got about a half-mile ahead, one had to urge the horse to a trot to catch up to him.

At intervals of an hour or two, we stopped at wayside tea houses for a rest, a drink of water, and a couple of bowls of cold "chuk" or rice gruel. It took us five hours to get to the nearest market place, Sz Wong. Ha-lo was nearly six miles farther. At one tea house we met a crowd of natives who asked if we had any medicines with us. When we responded in the affirmative, they all asked for some, so we were delayed another half hour. It was worth it, though.

THIS sort of charity on the public highways is as good as a ser-

mon. It breaks down pagan prejudices and fears of the "foreign devil," makes friends, and establishes a reputation for kindness. When one sees the children at this time of the year covered with boils and infections, thin and sickly from intestinal parasites, one just can't refuse to hand out the santolin remedy, expensive though it is. Then the old people all have their aches and pains, rheumatism, malaria, colds, tuberculosis, and the rest of the ills found in a dozen medical dictionaries. They are so helpless in times of sickness, and their native remedies when not absurd are ineffectual.

Nevertheless, her faith was genuine, like that of a child just reaching the use of reason.

AFTER night prayers the local school teacher rose to the occasion and preached a sermon on Extreme Unction, its effect and necessity. He eulogized me, as much as he extolled the Sacrament, for having come twenty miles in the hot sun to confer the Last Rites on their fellow villager. The people appreciated the fact, too.

A cool breeze came down from the mountains that night to refresh our sleep. At the first streak of dawn we were up and prepared for Mass,



Besides a helmet we carried umbrellas, for protection, and crossed "Dirty Creek."

WE reached Ha-lo at about three o'clock in the afternoon. Seven hours in the saddle is no joke for a tenderfoot.

As soon as we got our bearing we asked for the sick woman and were escorted to her house, where we found her sitting in a low chair. She was one of those old grannies too old and simple to learn many prayers or to understand much about the Sacra-

but the village was already at work. The weather has been so uncertain this summer that they could not risk their rice crop. Hence, we had only the children and a few men and women at Mass. However, there were twelve communicants, which represented about one half of those eligible in this village. I heard the sick woman's confession just before Mass, at

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Raised to the priesthood in the shadow of the Vatican

AN EVENT OF HISTORY

*Reverend
Frederick C. Dietz, M. M.*

FOR over two thousands years all roads have led to Rome. Yet an event occurred there recently, the like of which had never happened in the Eternal City's long history. And that event was also a milestone on the modern road that leads from Rome to Maryknoll and then branches westward to the Far East.

This unprecedented event was the ordination in Rome, on March 18 of this year, of Louis Kim and Timothy Pak, two young men from the Maryknoll field in the *Land of the Morning Calm*. These promising young Koreans are the first of their race to be raised to the priesthood in the shadow of the Vatican.

HITHERTO only two of their countrymen had received Holy Orders outside Korea, and that was nearly a hundred years ago. Here is the fascinating story. In the winter of 1836, three Korean seminarians were sent to make their studies in Macao, South China. One of them died there. The second, now venerated as Blessed Andrew Kim, was ordained at Shanghai in 1845. He was the first Korean priest. Two years later, shortly after his return to Korea, he was captured

and put to death for the Faith. The year 1925 saw his Beatification. The third, Thomas Chio, was ordained in 1849, probably in Macao. He returned shortly after to Korea, where he died after more than ten years of zealous labor.

IT was not until 1921 that the first Koreans were sent to the Urban College in Rome, the Seminary of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda. They were two, but neither of them reached the goal. During the very first year one died in Rome, and the other was obliged for reasons of health to return home, where he died soon after. From this discouraging beginning it is not surprising that no further attempt was made till 1933, when Louis Kim and Timothy Pak made their brave entry into Rome. The successful completion of their course will go a great way to stimulate others of their countrymen to follow their example.

MARYKNOLL is proud of these her first-born of Korea, the successors of glorious martyrs and members of the select body of native priests who are already planting the Church firmly throughout the length and breadth of the once *Hermit Kingdom*. Their land enjoys the unique distinction of having first received the Faith not from foreign missionaries but from some of her own high-minded sons, who brought it back with them when returning from an embassy to Peking in the latter half of the eighteenth century.



*Father Timothy Pak,
of Yengyou, Korea*



*Father Louis Kim,
of Peng Yang, Korea*

Archbishop Spellman

THE installation of the Most Reverend Francis Joseph Spellman as archbishop of New York was an occasion of great joy in which Maryknoll joined with the metropolitan archdiocese in welcoming our new shepherd.

Archbishop Spellman's world-wide interest in all that is Catholic has brought him in close touch with our Society, during his years in Boston as well as during those spent in Rome. A personal friend of our late Founder-General, Bishop James Anthony Walsh, he has followed the growth of Maryknoll with very evident enthusiasm. His Excellency has been a visitor to our hilltop and has also been mindful of our Novitiate at Bedford, Massachusetts.

Archbishop Spellman knows that he has the affection of all here—and we know that in him we have a wise counselor and a father with a world-wide heart.

Maryknoll was, of course, represented at His Excellency's installation, and the prayers of all connected with our work will follow with devoted interest the new leader of this great archdiocese in which Maryknoll has so happily set up its tents. *Ad multos annos!*



Most Reverend Francis J. Spellman, Archbishop of New York

Midsummer Sick Call

(Continued from page 199)

which later she assisted and received her first Holy Communion. After Mass I anointed her.

With breakfast over, we set out homeward, but just as we approached the market place of Sz Wong, about fifteen miles from Pingnam, we were stopped by a man who asked if I were the priest. When he found that

I was, he said that his father was very sick and wished me to visit him.

We went back to this man's village, and I found the whole family collected to see the old man, nearly eighty years old, breathe his last. He was suffering from a bad heart and the heat—I sympathized with him. He asked for Baptism; and, after giving him a brief instruction, I poured the saving waters on his head. He died a few days later. He was a fine old man, very dignified, with a

delightful white beard, and was very happy to receive Baptism. As we then resumed our home journey in the dead heat of the day, a breeze came up, but it was like one from the Sahara. It just burned and stifled.

Five o'clock found us back in the Pingnam mission, thoroughly sunburned and dead tired—tired from an exhaustion that only the tropical sun produces. We felt better though, after a cold shower and a good supper. It was all in a day's work.



HER SPIRITUAL CHILD

LITTLE Teresa Song came to our school four years ago, but of course she was not *Teresa* then. Her little pagan soul opened with each new page of her lessons, and her child's mind was quick to learn the questions and answers of the catechism as the other children recited them daily.

Teresa came to me one day, during her second year with us. "Father," she giggled, "I'm all ready to be baptized."

"You are?" I asked. "Well, I'm not so sure about that."

"Well, ask me the questions, Father," she maintained stoutly.

Father Leo Peloquin, M.M., of Boston, Massachusetts, now of the Korean mission at Kang-kei, tells an interesting story of a child who prepared the way of salvation for her own mother.

"What does your mother say?" I inquired further.

"Mother does not understand, but she says that if I want it, I may be baptized."

TERESA'S father had died a month before the child was born, and her mother was forced to go daily into the fields where she worked as hard as any day laborer to support herself and her little one. And yet,

tired out as she must have been after so arduous a day's work, this is the picture I saw when I went to their mud hut one evening shortly after Teresa had been named for another little flower.

The mother sat patiently on the floor doing some mending while Teresa, nearby, pointed out pictures in her bible history and explained them. The mother could not read, so the child sang out questions and answers, and the parent simply parroted the doctrine. But Teresa's new-found faith gave a zeal to her teaching, and I was not surprised one evening to find Teresa at the door, with her tired mother in tow.

SHE wants to be baptized," said Teresa.

The mother looked frightened but pleased, and I bade them to come in while I examined the neophyte.

I was amazed at the result of that examination: not only did the mother answer each question exactly, but she was able to explain the meaning of certain phrases.

The joy of the mother was great on her baptismal morning. With a look of deep love at her little one, she said, "I gave flesh and blood and life to this precious child, but she has given life to my soul."

THE following Saturday, as I sat in the confessional, I heard a great whispering going on in the church. I pulled aside the curtain, ready to give a reprimand, when I discovered it was Teresa and her mother. The child had the older woman by the hand, leading her to the altar. As they knelt before the Blessed Sacrament, Teresa read aloud the prayers before confession. The mother, leaning over, listened attentively.

"Now let us examine our conscience. Remember, dear mother, that God is Our Heavenly Father and that we are all sinners. Let us think carefully: in what things may we have offended Him?"

The mother looked down fondly on the little girl, who closed her eyes, and then she likewise bowed her head. I felt I was in the presence of saints, as Teresa led her mother to

(Continued on page 203)

Innocence Abroad

WHILE I write, some children playing below call to me: "Father, God bless you! Will you have a banana?"

Leaning over the rail, I ask them how they knew I was just beginning to get very hungry.

In reply, they throw me a piece of the yellow-garbed fruit, and then one youngster, with a little hesitation and a roguish smile, says, "Now, Father, thrown down a penny, please."

"Oh! is that it?" So I throw down a penny to each of the four, and with many bows and thanks they are off in glee.

BACK to my typewriter, and this time some older boys interrupt with: "God bless you, Father! Throw down a tin can, can do?"

While I hesitate, a few of the elders stroll along and echo the cry. Then, some women increase the crowd and amplify the tune. By this time there is quite a gathering, all clamoring good-naturedly for the ownership of a little tin can.

"Me big, Father. Give it to me," cries Tiny Tim.

"Fathers, mothers, boys, girls, friends, and relatives!" Thus I begin my speech. "Does a general promote the small or the big soldier?"

The crowd looks at me in blank amazement.

"What do you mean, Father?"

"Well, a general does not promote a soldier because he is big or small, does he? He promotes the loyal, the true soldier, does he not? Just so, God rewards the virtuous. The good one, big or small, ought to get the tin. What do you say?"

"Oh, truly, truly," agree the audience.

Then from one, followed by a second, and immediately taken up by the whole crowd, comes the chorus: "We are all good, we are all good, Father." (Gosh! And I have only one tin can!)

With arms flying in the air, feet

Tung Ngon Hui is a gay little market town, tucked away in the Kwangtung hills. Father John C. Heemskerck, the Maryknoll pastor there, gives us a delightful glimpse of his fun-loving flock, as they pass, one day, beneath his balcony:



All this fun with an empty cigarette can!

dancing gaily, all enjoying the fun, they call, "Father, throw it down, and whoever catches it, let him have it."

"No, this is what we'll do. Each of you tell me what use he or she will make of the tin can, and the one who can put it to the best use may have it."

Tin can manufacturers would have been elated at the sales possibilities of their product had they listened in on the utility program following this announcement.

Finally, a tiny girl came to the front of the crowd. She was poorly dressed but neat and clean. Politely, a bit bashfully, and oh, so pathetically, she said: "Father, I cannot use my hands. See, they are both filled with candy. The candy is sticky, so I do not like it in my hands. I could put the candy in the tin, wash my hands, and then my hands would be free again."

"Well, why don't you eat the candy and wash your hands?" cried a mother, carrying a baby on her back.

"I should like so much to keep the candy for my little brother at home," sighed the child.

AW!" chorused the crowd again, "Give it to the girlie, Father—the tin can to the girlie!"

And with great cheers and many gestures of applause, the jubilant crowd dispersed, chattering as they went, and calling back as is the custom, "God bless you, Father!"

And all this fun with an empty cigarette can! Aren't they a simple and charming people?

Her Spiritual Child

(Continued from page 202)

the confessional and then returned to await her turn. After confession they went back to the altar for more prayers and the performance of the penance, and reverently, quietly, all things accomplished, they left the church. At Mass next morning they knelt together at Communion to receive the God of heaven and earth, and they have been there every morning since.

We have had many converts here at Kangkei, but none has filled me with greater consolation and with more hope for the spiritual welfare of this land than have Teresa and Teresa's spiritual child—her mother.

LEAVES FROM

MISSION DIARIES



Bell-ringing time

WITH the number of Maryknoll missionaries increasing each year, it is impossible to give our readers much more than a glimpse into the diaries received from all along the mission trail. However, we shall from time to time glean the choicest morsels for publication.

The Same the World Over

FATHER DENNIS SLATTERY, M.M., of New York City, is a newcomer at the Tsungkow mission, but his soliloquy on Chinese altar boys is none the less interesting.

"In observing the Chinese boy serving at the altar, the priest sees that he is no different from any other boy. He lights the candles with the same bubbling energy which other boys display. When reciting the *Confiteor* at the foot of the altar, he goes through the usual spasmodic writhings. His head requires innumerable scratchings, and a backward glance is necessary every few minutes to reassure him that his cassock is gracefully draped over his heels. Nose blowing and clearing of the throat punctuate otherwise silent periods.

"In transferring the book from Epistle to Gospel side, it seems that the whole transaction must be completed within five seconds. As he goes plunging down the altar steps, stopping at the bottom to make to the side wall a motion which vaguely resembles a genuflection, and sometimes with a clearly audible sigh start-

ing the arduous climb to the Gospel side, the ears of the priest are apt to be waiting for the crash which will announce that the young server encountered heavy seas on the downward or upward dip.

"At the washing of hands his generosity splashes unsparingly. As he carries the bell from the credence table to his place at the foot of the altar, it is reassuring to hear that the bell is in good working order.

"From this point on, however, his mien changes. Outside of bell-ringing times he is extremely quiet. In his own boyish way he realizes that God is close before him, and that he must somehow restrain his squirmings. All of which proves that he is the normal young boy found serving at any of the altars faithfully, albeit fatefully, anywhere in the world."

Clean Literature

FATHER HAROLD J. FELSECKER, M.M., of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is—for a Maryknoller—a veteran of Japanese missions. His attempt to clean up American literature in Japan had very good results. He writes:

"Missioners are often embarrassed by the type of literature which comes from the U.S.A. Fortunately, the worst

never comes over here because the Japanese as a race are opposed to it. The same holds true of cinemas. All are strictly censored before being shown to the public. I think that it can be honestly said that all films in Japan are clean because of the scissors work by the censors.

"In a large department store in Tokyo, in large book stores, and on corner stands, I saw an American motion-picture magazine. School children have a habit of stopping and leafing through the magazines. I noticed a group leafing through a certain film magazine which contained plenty of indecent pictures. I decided to act, and after purchasing a copy I wrapped it up and sent it, together with a letter, to the Home Office (one of the cabinet bureaus in this country). Two days later the papers carried a notice that the magazine had been taken off the newsstands all over the country by the police.

"My letter merely pointed out that such literature was harmful to the morals of the Japanese and particularly so to the young who had such ready access to it. The next month another issue of the same magazine arrived. I bought a copy and once more sent it to the police-affairs bu-



God is close before him.

reau of the Home Office. A week later the paper carried a notice that this magazine, of which about three thousand copies came to Japan, was permanently banned from the empire. Such action by a so-called non-Christian nation puts America to shame. More power to you in the States, who are working so hard to clean up magazines as you cleaned up the motion pictures!"

And I Didn't Say "Amen"

FATHER JAMES E. McDERMOTT, M.M., of Worcester, Massachusetts, gave us a peek into his Toi Shaan diary. One thing that caught our eye was the following:

"At Toi Shaan we had a small Sacred Heart Sunday School. I gathered the pupils from the mission villages. They went to the local schools for their secular education, but they received their Christian-Docctrine instructions every night at our mission.

"This is an instance to prove how well instructed they were. On one occasion when a young missionary who had just arrived from America was visiting me at Toi Shaan, I asked him if he would like to baptize one of the abandoned babies. He was most eager to do so. But that day no abandoned baby was received at the orphanage.

However, in the evening a man came and asked if we received abandoned babies at the Catholic mission.



School children stop and look through magazines.

"However, when A Wu returned he brought the baby down to the hospital instead of bringing it to the church. I called out to him: 'A Wu, bring the baby to the chapel. Father is ready to baptize it.'

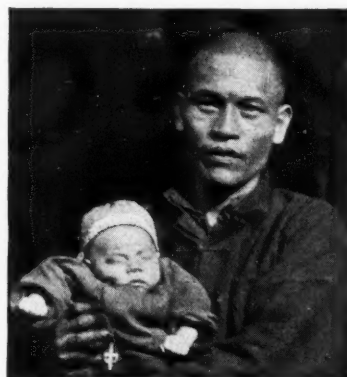
"A Wu answered, 'The baby is baptized!'

"I was surprised and said, 'But who baptized it?'

"He answered, 'I did!'

"I said, 'Why did you baptize the baby?'

"He answered, 'Shen Foo, you have always instructed us that if we should find a baby along the roadside we should immediately procure water, pour it on the forehead of the baby, and say while pouring it, "I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."' Then, to prove that he had done it perfectly, he added, 'And I didn't say "Amen," either!'



A Wu brought the baby to the hospital.

We told him, 'Yes!' He said that as he was going to town early in the morning he saw a baby abandoned on the roadside. On his return that evening the baby was still there. This man would not touch the baby himself, but he promised to lead one of our boys to the spot. I sent A Wu with him, and I told the newly arrived missionary that soon he would baptize his first baby. He was naturally excited over the prospect.

**The Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.**

Send a Support-A-Missioner ten-dime card, so that I may sponsor a missionary for one day.

Name

Address

☐ I should like to do this each month.

MARYKNOLL THE FIELD AFAR

Published by Ecclesiastical Authority
Founded in 1907. Appears monthly
(except August).

Owned by the

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



*"For he hath given his angels
charge over thee; to keep thee in
all thy ways. In their hands they
shall bear thee up."—Psalm xc: 11-12.*

MIDSUMMER will find you in this country or abroad, at home or on a vacation. Here it will find a group of missionaries preparing to join their confreres who, under tropical suns, are about their Father's business. For both—tyros and seasoned missionaries—say a prayer, and for the souls among whom they labor.



CHRIST came to be the way, the truth, and the life for all men at all times, and that He should be speedily acknowledged in that saving role by the stubborn Mohammedan world in particular is the special intention proposed to our prayers by the Holy Father for the month of July. For centuries the followers of the Arabian prophet have been notorious for their ironclad resistance to the divine appeal, but this proves nothing. Groups, flocks, and segments of mankind that wander from the way and stray from the light will usually be found to fall into two categories. There are those who fail in development and thus stagnate, and these are easier to convert but remain lesser assets when converted. And there are those who fail in direction, possessing indeed a principle of life and energy and activity, but turning its force into erroneous bypaths and erratic channels, and these are harder to convert, but blossom out and bloom more readily once converted. It is easy

to direct the somnolent athlete who has scarcely yet stirred from the starting line, and it is hard to reorientate the energetic runner already well on his way to the wrong goal, but the latter has the better potentialities for winning the race.

Wrong direction explains why the most hopeless are in some senses the most hopeful, and accordingly the Church feels no whit discouraged in its campaign to lead Islam to Christ. It is merely a special problem that will require special means for its solution, and of those means your prayers are perhaps the most important item.



THE foreign missionary's road is the one traveled by Christ. He paved the way of the cross with His blood for the world in general, and for His missionaries in particular, so that they might be guide and light to those who know not the way nor understand the cross.

Every potential missionary, alive with the zeal of Christ, strives during his years of preparation to carve into his heart an indelible map of Calvary's highway, with all its stations. But he does not stop at mere map making; he completes the picture by "cross taking." On departure day, what the missionary has perfected in his heart, he receives into his hands, as an outward sign of what is expected of him. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily, and follow me."



SURPRISINGLY literal verifications of Holy Scripture are encountered in mission lands where the actual conditions of life remain much as they were in New Testament times.

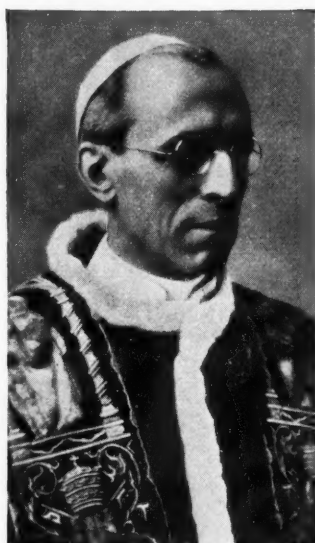
The Holy Father's Mission Intentions

July: That the Mohammedans may acknowledge Christ as the Redeemer.
August: That peace and concord be furthered among peoples through the practice of Christian charity.

The signs promised by Our Lord to accompany the work of His apostles remain valid for His missionaries of today, as their experiences abundantly testify. In His name they cast out demons, whether these plague individual souls or stultify a whole civilization; they speak with new tongues formed by much labor to preach the gospel in the whole world with its babel of accents; they place their sacerdotal hands on the sick, who often respond more readily to the Sacraments than to any other medicine. The missionary's task is not an easy one, but he does not perform it alone. He has divine assurances that bless and further his work and guarantee his success.



TEMPLE bells still sound in the Orient, their fluted notes stealing over the pleasant countryside and whispering through the bamboo groves to remind a modernizing people of a lifeless worship ever old and ever new. And a temple bell still sounds on Mary's Knoll to remind modern missionaries of the need of those people for a living worship ever old and ever new. But what shall we say of the enterprising woodpecker who boldly attacked the upright tree-hewn beam that supports our clarion call to arms, and valorously chipped away until he succeeded, single-beaked and alone, in effectively undermining the whole contraption? Was he assisting the enemy or feathering his own nest, or merely looking for worms? We prefer to think of him as a well-intentioned collaborator in the attack on paganism, whose zeal outran his judgment, leading him to destroy where we seek only to supplant. Besides he was redheaded, and that is, perhaps, a further extenuation of his crime. At any rate, the temple bell was restored in time to sound its usual departure call, although not before we had conceived such a respectful admiration for the zeal of our feathered missionary as to consider framing it in concrete, in order to put it beyond the reach of his efficient bill for good and all. "Ye birds of the air, bless the Lord!"



POPE PIUS XII'S FIRST MISSION ADDRESS

Will Pius XII succeed the late Holy Father in his title "Pope of the Missions"? is a question that has been asked since the death of the last Pontiff. The first annual address of the present Holy Father to the Supreme Council of the Pontifical Mission-Aid Societies gives evidence of the warm glow in the heart of Pius XII for the world apostolate.

AS earthly representative, however unworthy, of the Eternal Shepherd, We feel in a special manner the force of the words that reveal the superabundance of His love for all mankind: "Other sheep I have that are not of this fold: them also I must bring . . . and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

THESE words of Our loving Redeemer are often in Our mind and spur us on to implore the Holy Spirit with prayers and groanings to open wide the paths of salvation to the vast multitudes still enslaved to idolatry and chained by ancient error, so that they too may share hope and grace with Us. Teaching with Blessed Paul "that the Gentiles should be fellow heirs and of the same body: and co-partners of his promise in Christ Jesus, by the gospel,"

We shall spare no effort to cause the Catholic religion to shine also upon distant peoples and to have the shadow of the Cross, in which are life and salvation, fall on the remote areas of the earth.

IN view of this it is of the utmost importance that the Church be firmly established in every country and that she be provided everywhere with battalions of sacred ministers born of the soil.

IN this vital apostolic work, you, dearly beloved, are the watchful and providential cooperators, bending all your energies towards the expansion of the frontiers of God's Kingdom. We are fully aware of the fruits of your efforts and how they grow in abundance year by

year despite many and by no means insignificant difficulties. Devotion, however, overcomes all obstacles and, as generally happens in weighty matters that are pleasing in God's sight, "little by little the field turns golden with tender spikes of ripening grain."

THE fact that the Pontifical Society of St. Peter the Apostle is commemorating the Golden Jubilee of its foundation offers Us this welcome opportunity of lavishing Our highest praise and approval on so providential an institution, while wishing it at the same time every success.

Continue, dearly beloved, to do your utmost for the missions.

WHILE, sad to say, the spirit of charity grows cold throughout the world, because "truths are decayed from among the children of men," make plain to the world by your example that men do not live to rend one another in jealous fratricidal strife but rather to unite, as beings destined for eternal bliss, in a sacred pact with God and one another.

THE goal set by God for human society is love, peace, concord, and union. Spur by your example and fire by your exhortations all who call themselves Christians to spread far and wide the sweet odor of evangelical peace.

INVOKING God's choicest graces upon you, dearly beloved, and upon the faithful who readily second your efforts on behalf of the missions, We, in the name of the Lord, bless all your plans with most tender affection.



Five native seminaries are training boys for the priesthood.

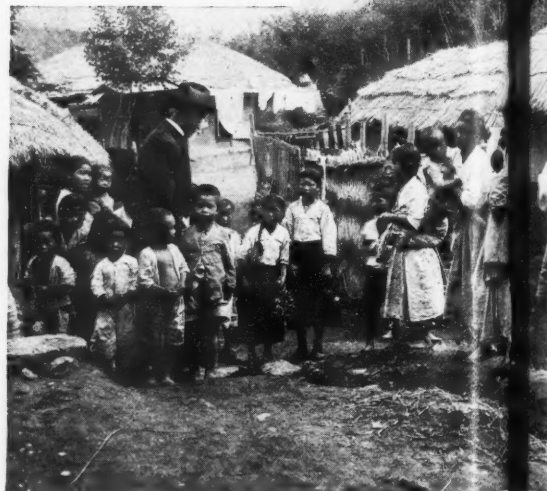
Forty-seven dispensaries, two hospitals, one leprosarium, care for more than 300,000 patients annually.



Twenty orphanages shelter hundreds of infants.



Out-stations number 598 with some 15,000 souls ever awaiting the missionary.



WHERE

Some of our friends... go, and of course... seems to have as many... of needs. Spread over...



E YOUR DOLLAR GOES

ends even a special preference as to where their dollar should
 be used for their wishes. The "stringless" dollar, however,
 as it is known, reaches out to a multitude
 and over seven large mission territories, see what it does!

Five hundred
 and eighty-two
 catechists sec-
 ond the priests
 in their convert
 making.



Almost 16,000 children are
 taught in 187 Maryknoll mis-
 sion schools.



Thirteen old folks' homes
 for blind, infirm, aged men
 and women are financed by
 your dollar.



Seven hundred and five
 churches or chapels in
 our seven mission terri-
 tories show that prog-
 ress is being made.



GOING to the Fair?"

"What Fair?"

"World's Fair, of course!"

"Which one? With a World's Fair here, and a World's Fair there, you have to pick your Fair this year."

"I've picked mine. Want to come?"

"What'll it cost?"

"A dollar a day."

"Quit fooling, now!"

"Honest! A dollar a day and it's your Fair and my Fair, and it's half way round the world we go!"

"Nice pipe-dream, that!"

"Not at all! You see, it's this way. We don't have to buy a lot of clothes, or pack a raft of grips, or bother about Pullmans or things like that. We just go on enjoying this nice cool drink here in the shade. All we have to do is figure out how many dollars we can save up, and that'll decide how many 'Fair Days' will be ours. You don't have to pay it all down at once, either. You can pay so much every month. In fact, the Fair people like to have us pay

Going to the Fair?



Sister Jean Dicks, of Chicago, Illinois, says, "How do you do?" in correct Japanese style.

that way. It's just as good for them, and easier on us."

"Where is this Fair?"

"It's in forty-six places in seven countries. It's open all the year. Right now it takes 575 people to keep it going, and the number of visits to the Fair in a year approaches a million. Some come once in a while, some come every day, others come and stay a long time. A funny thing

is that often the Fair goes out to the people. And funnier still, something generally happens to people at this Fair. They go away different from what they were before.

"So it's magic we're in for?"

"I call it something else. Anyhow, this is how it works. I send a dollar, and that keeps one of those Fair people going at this sort of thing for one whole day."

"Just who runs this Fair?"

"That's what I've been waiting for you to ask! The Maryknoll Sisters!"

"I object. It's disrespectful to make

fair mongers out of the good Sisters!"

"Not in the least disrespectful. Do you know what the word *fair* means? Well, it comes from the old Latin word meaning *holyday*. And on the missions every day's a holy day! Here, for example, is what one Sister did in one day in South China with one of the dollars I sent to her.

"After Mass and her morning rice, she started out with a native woman as her companion and walked six miles to the first village. One of Sister's converts from last year told her about an old man, dying in a house up on the mountain, who wanted to be baptized.

"Together they climbed the mountain. The old man had often sold eggs to the Sisters, who in turn had talked to him about the true God. 'I want to go to heaven!' he gasped. He was so far gone that Sister dared not wait to send for a priest. She baptized him Joseph. The next day he went to heaven. Sister insists that we both sent him there, since my dollar paid for her keep that day. Do you follow me?"

"Follow you? It's breathless I am, jumping from here to China and catapulting pagans into heaven!"

"Great, isn't it? This time we won't



An old lady in South China was so glad to see Sister Madeline Sophie Karlon, of New York City, that she couldn't wait for her to come in, but rushed outside to meet her with a pot of tea.

go so far. Let's take a Los Angeles Sister. On this particular day there was great excitement. There was to be a wedding in the chapel! The Sister I was sponsoring that day was specially happy. The bride was brought up at the Home, and Sister was her teacher when she became a Catholic five years ago. And the groom? He's a convert from Buddhism, instructed by Sister and baptized a few months ago. Sister said that day's wedding was her Sponsor's achievement, just as much as it was hers."

"It sounds fine, but do these converts make good Christians?"

"Just let's spend a day in Korea. We'll visit a family of 'old Christians'; that is, they've been Catholics for a hundred and fifty years. One of the daughters in this family is a Maryknoll Sister. Recently her father celebrated his sixty-first birthday, which in Korea is one of the biggest events in a lifetime.

*How many Days
will You Sponsor*

*at the
MARYKNOLL SISTERS' FAIR?*

One Dollar supports a Sister for One Day.

Consecration to the Sacred Heart."

"Well, that is much more Christian than birthday celebrations over here, I must say!"

"Yes, it's to make Christians like these that Maryknoll Sisters leave home. Teachers in schools, nurses in hospitals, just plain missionaries afoot, they're all out for conversions. Even a Sister Bookkeeper in a hospital has made converts of people from whom she collects bills!"

"My hat's off to that Sister! Here's five dollars. That leaves me sixty cents



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GUARDIAN OF VIRGINS

Towering in strength, youthful in his purity, clad in the white garb of chastity, Saint Joseph stands amid the lilies of the field, contemplating in the haloed glory of the Madonna Lily the chaste beauty of Mary. The Christ Child lifts his tiny hand in benediction: "Because thou hast loved chastity, the hand of the Lord hath strengthened thee." — Judith xv: 11.



Sister Edwardine Hartleib, of Bamberg, Ontario, Canada, has tea in a Korean home.

"This is how Sister described it in a letter to Mother Mary Joseph: 'The day began with Mass in honor of the occasion. Breakfast followed and then preparations for the family ceremonies. Papa opened the ceremony with prayer and an address. An impressive scene followed, when sons and daughters in seniority, with their wives and husbands, bowed to their parents. When all had finished, Papa closed the ceremony with the Act of

carfare. I'm going home to tell the folks. And, believe me, we're all going to the Maryknoll Sisters' Fair as many days a month as the pay check allows!"

What a Relief!

"You have no idea what a relief it is to see a work of art made by an American for the Catholic Church,"

wrote an American Catholic artist upon receiving the three Maryknoll Madonnas he had ordered. "They are truly beautiful."

Many others will rejoice in the fact that the Maryknoll Sisters, through Chi-Rho Arts, are now making available to the public a series of paintings and drawings by one of their own Sisters. At present only the three Madonnas which appeared in THE FIELD AFAR for May are on sale. Before Christmas, however, six Madonnas in color and twelve pencil drawings will be available both as Pyraglass plaques and as religious cards.

The three Madonna plaques now on sale are in color: "Our Lady of the Night," 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 12", \$1.75; "Mother of Light," 7" x 12", \$2.00; "Our Lady of the Snows," 7" x 12", \$2.00. Orders may be sent to the Maryknoll Sisters, Maryknoll, New York.



MIDSUMMER ON THE KNOLL

THE early summer days which rounded out into midsummer saw many interesting events atop our Knoll.

The return of the father of the flock, although watched for during many a day, came so suddenly that only the porter in his lodge was on hand to greet our world traveler, returned after a strenuous year of mission visitations. Not one of the 107 Maryknoll mission stations was neglected in this visit, and only three out of the 433 Maryknollers in the field were unable to have a personal interview with their Superior General.

FOR the retreat preceding ordinations, which came in June, we were privileged to have as retreat master this year the Reverend Cornelius Drew, Superior of the New York Apostolate Band. Father Drew and his confreres have long been interested in the work of Maryknoll, where their predecessors have established the New York Apostolate Burse for the support of a student to the priesthood.

On Sunday morning, June 11, the retreat came to a close following the ordination ceremony, which was conducted by our own Superior General, Most Reverend James Edward Walsh. Besides the twenty ordained to the priesthood, forty received minor or-

ders, and nineteen subdiaconate.

The day was one of great happiness, as relatives and friends of the new priests were somehow or other squeezed into the temporary chapel. The thought came to us on that day that, if we cannot build the permanent chapel soon, we must investigate the claims of *Lastex*, with a view to its being used in the walls of the present temporary chapel.

ALL Maryknoll priests within hailing distance came to the Mother Knoll for their retreat, which preceded our Foundation Day. Since the first June 29, in 1911, Maryknollers everywhere return, either actually or

in spirit, for the day's reunion.

After the Solemn Mass in the Seminary chapel, a ball game of great annual interest—for us—between the priests and the students, brought the students at least a moral victory over their opponents.

BASEBALL is a big item in the students' schedule from many angles. Besides developing the physical man, it serves also as a means of deepening friendships with the neighboring seminaries and colleges. Dunwoodie, the major seminary of the New York Archdiocese, has been Maryknoll's friendly rival on the ball diamond since the days when nine men (excluding the Superior General) could be found on the Knoll. In the earlier days we had to be satisfied with a moral victory, but eventually new blood brought new scores.

The seminarians of the Holy Ghost Congregation from Norwalk, Connecticut, clash bats with ours; and we also exchange baseball visits with Father Paul's students from Graymoor. Cathedral College of New York City displays its skill before the local contingent, and in every instance the spectators are treated to an honest-to-goodness game. These games do not end with the ninth inning, but they linger on in after years, when



A ball game of great interest

oceans separate the contestants but memories are still young.

The Venard—

PICTURE one hundred and twenty students at The Venard. What are these American youths doing to make themselves fit for the mission fields of the Orient? Are they pondering the intricacies of Chinese etiquette, repeating the endless singsong chant

Right: A corridor in the Novitiate at Bedford

Below: The Seminary's outdoor recreation center



of monosyllables, or contemplating the myriad characters in an effort to learn the language? Obviously, no.

Venarders go through much the same routine as other seminarians the world over; that is, much as in any of the diocesan seminarians. For Maryknoll, since not constituted as a religious order, has approximated its regulations to those of the pastoral clergy.

Among those in common, then, we find first the spirit of prayer and the eagerness to rise to those standards of holiness required for ordination. To foster this spirit there are the usual exercises—Mass and Holy Communion, meditation, particular examen, spiritual reading, and the recitation of the rosary—placed strategically in the schedule of every day. Students also strive to become sound in mind by building up their knowledge of Latin, philosophy, languages, the social and physical sciences, and Sacred Scripture. Nor do they neglect their

obligation of being sound in body. They nurture a healthy enthusiasm for the virile sports, all of them, from soccer to tennis. And back of it all is the unified working principle, to make the future priest capable in every respect of carrying on the arduous work of his ministry.

BUT where is the germ of difference which makes them distinctly Maryknollers? It is not in evidence in these externals; it must be something deeper down, something more on the inside. It is this: they are directing their zeal for souls in a special way. In view of what is to come, they continue to develop their willingness to sacrifice even more than God usually asks of those whom He calls to His service. In every act of their day, and above all in the things we call *little*, they practice the art of giving themselves. And that is the long and short of that preeminently practical training the Venarders afford themselves toward becoming good missionaries.

—J. C. S.



Right: Boy Scouts who camped in the Maryknoll woods had the privilege of an outdoor Mass.

On the Maryknoll Newsfront



Father McCarthy

A New Appointment—

The Very Reverend Charles F. McCarthy, who claims San Francisco as his native heath, has been elected to the Superior General's Council at Maryknoll, succeeding the Right Reverend William F. O'Shea, who was appointed Prefect Apostolic of the Peng Yang, Korea, Mission.

Father McCarthy has served as Rector of the Los Altos (California) Junior Seminary and as a member of the Seminary faculty at Maryknoll. Four years ago he was appointed Novice Master of the Society's Probatorium at Bedford, Massachusetts, from which post he enters upon his new duties. The Reverend Joseph Meaney, of Arlington, Massachusetts, has been transferred from the faculty of the Major Seminary to succeed Father McCarthy as Novice Master.

Motorcycles—Their Works and Pumps—

Reverend James Gilloegly, who hails from Scranton, Pennsylvania, makes many of his mission sick calls and visitations in the Watlam, South China mission, via motorcycle—a diabolic invention, think the natives. Father Gilloegly writes: "The Chinese have all but acclaimed it one of the seven wonders of the world. The villagers hear it coming and run as fast as they can—in the opposite direction. Lest it may be a plane, they run for shelter first and then glance cautiously about to see if, perchance, it may be only the 'foreign devil.' Then a crowd gathers, offering suggestions as to what devil makes



*Bright Nature
likes Father's motorcycle.*

it go. One young fellow, who once visited the large city of the province and has since been considered a pundit on such matters, explains all the mechanism of the motorcycle and just what makes it go. Ten yards away two dogs are barking and growling at each other, but no one hears them."

"An American Damien—"

Some Sundays ago Right Reverend Monsignor John J. Hunt, of Detroit, presented a broadcast on the life of our late confrere, Reverend Francis J. Connors, M.M. When Monsignor Hunt was the Propagation of the Faith Director in the Archdiocese of Detroit, he visited the Maryknoll leper colony at Sunwui, South China, where he saw Fathers Connors and Sweeney at work. The young priest's mother and two sisters heard Monsignor Hunt's broadcast, and one of them, Sister Angela, a Sister of Charity in Baltimore, wrote him in appreciation. Her letter breathes a spirit of her priestly brother:

"Dear Monsignor Hunt,

"Your broadcast on my dear brother, 'An American Damien,' was very fine and beautifully rendered. Mother and my sister, Mrs. Henry, were visiting with me over the week end, and I do wish that you could have seen the setting that accompanied our listening-in. Mother sat calm and composed, her eyes riveted on the radio, but she was lost to all except what you were saying. Her Father Frank wasn't dead during those brief minutes. A smile of amusement changed her expression for the instant when you mentioned 'the beautiful face of his mother'; for the rest, it was just a delightful draught which she was more than enjoying. When you finished hers were the only dry eyes in the room. I hope that some day I shall have just a little of her spirit of faith. Thank you, Monsignor Hunt, for presenting Father Frank as 'An American Damien.'

"Sincerely yours,

"Sister Angela"



*The late Reverend
Francis J. Connors, M.M.*

Faith Through Healing—

It's a long trek from South Boston, U.S.A., to South Heiando, Korea; but Brother Raymond Nihill, of the aforementioned "Hub," has made it, and in his mission station there is doing splendid work among the sick. Before leaving Maryknoll for the Far East five years ago, Brother Raymond matriculated at Saint Vincent's Hospi-



Brother Raymond
applies ointment and prayers.

tal, New York City, as a registered nurse. In a recent letter he wrote: "Here at Heijo (Peng Yang) we have not been able to afford a dispensary, so my room—with its funny wallpaper and all—must serve as clinic for the present. The number of patients grows, and we have had some splendid results. Of course, a prayer goes with every application of ointment. We have managed also to get entree to many homes with our medicine bag, and are able to trace some of the latest baptisms to contacts that began with salve or pills. After the first Korean 'wise cracks'

about our big noses and freckles, the ice is broken, and we are able to supplant unsanitary cures with methods which bring results. After that the next step is a few words of doctrine. It is a great feeling to know that medical missionaries are, in this way, instrumental in the work of salvation."

Manchukuo's World of Tomorrow—

The Manchu-Knoller, edited at the Maryknoll Prefecture in Fushun, affirms other reports that progress along material lines marks the rapid pace at which events in Manchukuo are marching today. Too often people become so interested in material gains that the spiritualities suffer. However, such does not seem to be the case in Manchuland; the Church there advances with each new development. We quote from *The Manchu-Knoller*:

"When we began work in this mission, some twelve years ago, we felt that the entire eastern section—comprising two-thirds of the territory—would not amount to much. It is a region of mountains and valleys, extending from a point south of Fushun to the highest peak of the Ch'ang Pai Range, which is likewise the highest point in Manchukuo.

"A great change has come in this section, however, with the discovery of coal and iron in vast quantities. Minerals have been located as well. In the vicinity of T'ung Hua and Linkiang, the richest deposits have been found. The program for the development of these mines bids fair to make this district the most important in the country. It is said that T'ung Hua will be a most important center, and that a city will develop at T'ieh-Ch'ang-Tze, not far from T'ung Hua, that will surpass Fushun as a mining center. Another center will develop some ten miles from Linkiang that will be a close second to T'ieh-Ch'ang-Tze.

"Railways and highways are usually a good indication of progress in material things. At present there are three under construction in our mission. The papers these days carry much news of these projects, and it looks as though this once Robin-Hood paradise may yet become the money center of Manchukuo."



A Manchu coal-boy looks to the Father of all.

● EIGHT POINTERS ON THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS

1. Maryknoll Missioners in Eastern Asia number 433.
2. They labor in seven territories.
3. Four of these territories—Kongmoon, Kaying, Wuchow, Kweilin—are in South China.
4. The three others—Kyoto in Japan, Peng Yang in Korea, Fushun in Manchukuo—are in the north.
5. These seven territories embrace 142,000 square miles, twice the area of the New England States.
6. The seven contain 20,000,000 non-Christian souls, over three times the population of the New England States.
7. They count approximately 65,000 Catholics (64,817 in June, 1938).
8. They are winning approximately 7,500 adult converts a year (7,337 adult converts from July 1, 1937, to June 30, 1938).



Pupils of the Maryknoll school in Los Angeles won three of the first four prizes in a poster contest held there recently.

They Put Us to Shame

BUDDHISM may be said to have entered Japan in the year 552, when a king of Korea presented Buddhist scriptures and images to the Imperial Japanese Court, following up the gift with priests and nuns, as well as temple architects and image carvers, to propagate the faith.

As the religion developed, various sects came into being, but Buddhism remained Chinese in its main features until some two hundred and fifty years later, when a strong national bent was given to the imported religion by incorporating therein the Japanese "Shinto" dieties, newly re-

Monsignor Patrick J. Byrne, Prefect Apostolic of Maryknoll's Kyoto Mission in Japan, takes us on a tour through a neighboring Buddhist monastery. "They put us to shame," was the remark of one of the party, "and we have the truth!" Measure your piety with this yardstick of Buddhist asceticism.

garded as various manifestations of Buddha. This combination was called Double Aspect Buddhism, or Double Aspect Shinto, depending on the point of view.

In the course of time additional sects sprang up, of which one of the most popular and powerful today, the Zen Sect, dating back to the

twelfth century, is commonly recognized as the strictest of all.

This Zen, or Contemplative Sect, "seeks salvation by meditation and divine emptiness. Its doctrine may be summed up in the following injunction: 'Look carefully within, and there you will find the Buddha.' In practice, each believer must work out his own salvation by austere discipline, bodily and mental, thus developing the necessary will power and self control."

CONVINCED that it were wholesome and salutary for the sofa-pillow addicts of our effete civilization to have a few glimpses of the Spartan asceticism of Japanese Zen Buddhists, we besought an interview on the subject at the Kyoto headquarters of a Zen sect called "Nan Zen Ji." Received with charming courtesy, we were shown through the temple buildings and accorded fulsome replies to our lengthy interrogation.

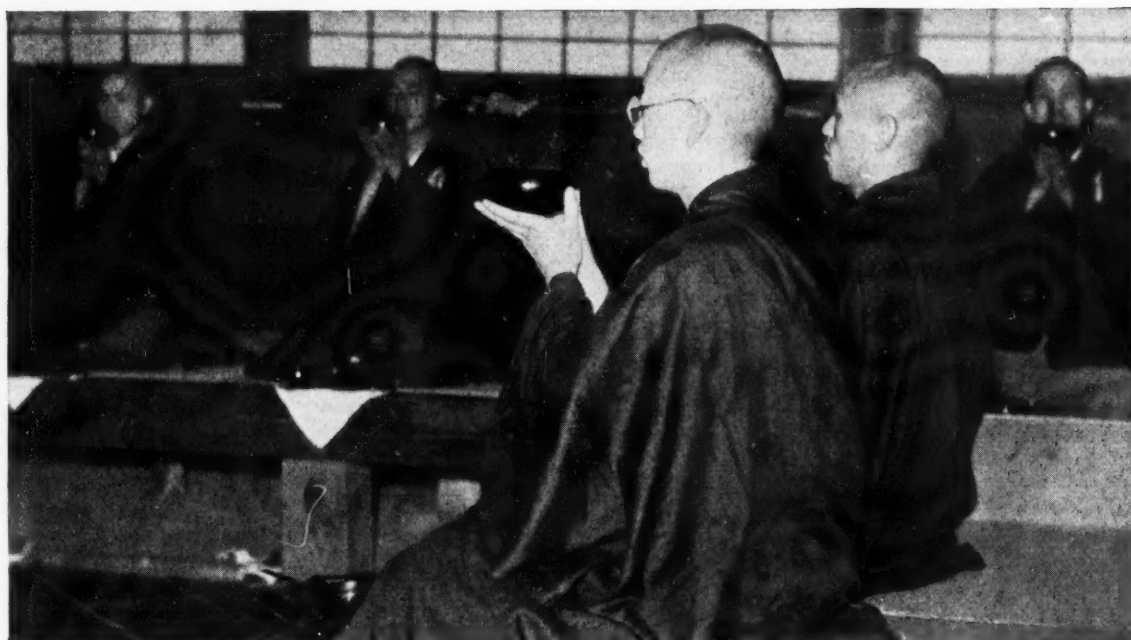
In its entirety, Japanese Buddhism claims over forty millions of believers, for whom it provides more than seventy-one thousand temples. The three schools of the particular Zen belief have over ten million general adherents. The special Zen school that we were visiting counts in all some one hundred and forty thousand associate disciples devoting their entire lives to it, as a sort of "third order"; no less than eighteen thousand monks and nuns; and more than eight hundred priests.

TEMPLE personnel comprises the priests and monks, with those pious laymen who come to make retreats. Rising for all is at half-past three in the morning the year round. Ten minutes are allowed for stowing away the quilt beds and preparing the big room for its next function as "prayer hall." Then all begin meditation, which lasts for one hour.

After a few minutes for breakfast, in silence, all return to the meditation in common. At seven o'clock there is a signal for individual visits to the



In the Buddhist nunnery a novice and the superioress chant The Sutra together.



GRACE BEFORE MEALS

Meat, fish, eggs, butter, milk, cheese are absolutely taboo.

Master, to answer the question previously assigned by him for contemplation and to receive a new one. This takes till eight o'clock.

From eight until eleven, on the first, third, sixth, eighth, eleventh, and so forth, of the month, all go out to beg. On other days, this period is devoted to labor within the temple precincts.

At eleven comes dinner, after which all are free until one-thirty to do personal study or other work. For sufficient reason, even visits to town are allowed at this time; and likewise a modicum of conversation is permitted. From one-thirty till four-thirty come assigned tasks, again in strict silence. Between four-thirty and five o'clock, all must manage to get a bath, for cleanliness is next to godliness. Someone has said that the Zen life reminded him of the Trappists.

AT five there is a hasty supper, followed at once by meditation until six o'clock. Then there are again the individual visits to the Master, to receive fresh questions for meditation; whereupon each returns to the prayer

hall, to remain pensive until eight-thirty. All retire at nine o'clock.

This schedule alone is rather exacting; but it is further enhanced by ascetic atmosphere and works, and disciplinary measures.

The keynote of the monastery is simplicity and neatness. The one is handmaid to the other, for 'tis easier to keep a place spotless when it hath no furniture. Aside from quilts for use at night, the monastery is absolutely bare.

LOWER ranks among Zen adherents may eat meat, but for those who aspire higher the menu is unvarying, with rice gruel for breakfast, rice-and-barley for dinner and supper. Meat, fish, eggs, butter, milk, cheese, and like solaces of body and spirit are absolutely taboo. All meals are taken

in silence.

To us winter visitors, it seemed that the silence was deepened by the deadly chill in the air. No matter how near zero the temperature, not one degree of heat finds its way into that prayer hall and dormitory, whose paper-paned and loosely sliding windows avail little against either cold or draughts.

WE have noted the fact of laymen being welcomed for retreats at these temples. From time to time they come, to spend a few days away from the noise of the world. Provision is even made for foreigners to do the same; and several are recorded to have spent whole years in the silences of Buddha. However, it is among the Japanese, who take so naturally and enthusiastically to the rugged Spartan mode of life, that the severe standards of Buddhist asceticism, in full measure or in part, exert popular appeal. It is this that has in no small degree contributed to that rigid moral and social code, that national spirit of Japan, known by the historic appellation of "bushido."

New Pamphlet FATHER CONNORS

Priest Among Lepers

5 cents

Address: Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll, N. Y.

Our World of Missions

Our note pages on men
and things missionary

TWO leaders in the world of the written word, both of whom are close friends of Maryknoll, Robert J. Cuddihy and George N. Shuster, have compiled for publication the tributes to Pope Pius XI which appeared in the American press at the time of his passing.* The book proves excellent reading, for it reveals a number of things, not the least of which is the temper of our American editors as they pick now one feature, now another, in the Pleiades of lustrous qualities with which our late Pontiff was gifted.

After passing in review the hundreds of statements, we are tempted to feel that Archbishop Mooney, of Detroit, has touched very ably upon the secret spring to all of Pius XI's greatness. His Excellency reminds us that Pius XI was known as the Pope of Peace, the Pope of Science, the Pope of the Missions, the Pope of Catholic Action, the Pope of Social Justice, the Pope of the Working Man. But these titles are all facets of a single gem, emanations of a sin-

gle soulful depth of spirit which was the highly perfected man and Christian. He was Pope of all these phases of Catholic life because he was a truly Catholic Pope. In this he is a model for every Catholic who desires to live Christ, defend Christ, build for Christ and for His universal sway.

*Pope Pius XI and American Public Opinion. Cuddihy and Shuster, Funk and Wagnalls Co., N.Y. \$1.50

CHURCH IN CHINA CARRIES ON—

EVERY missionary from China is met with the question, "Are you able to do any work, in view of the war?" Happily, the answer is very much in the affirmative.

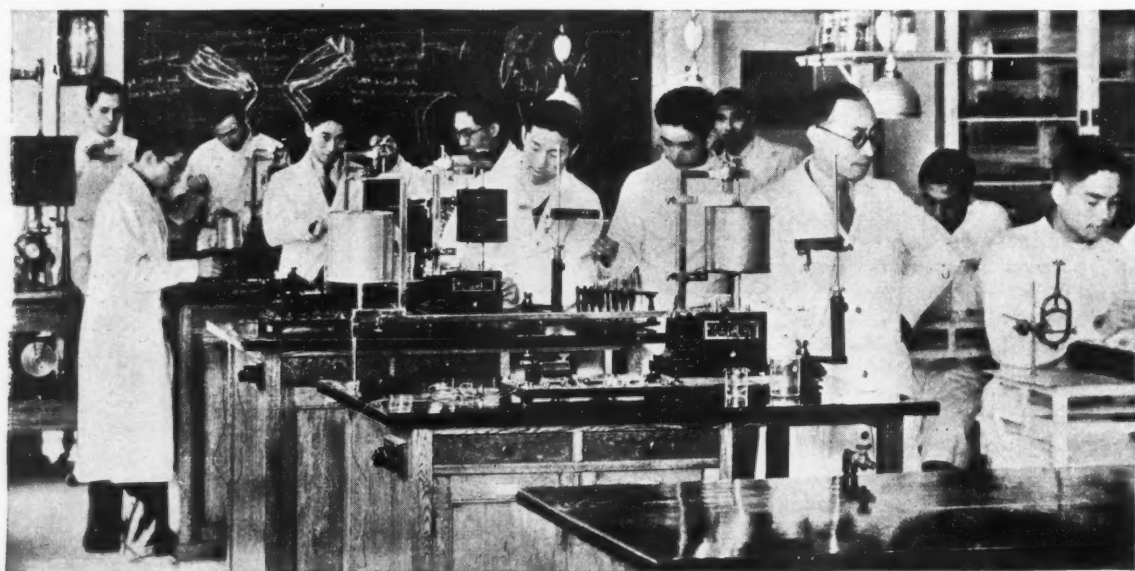
Most conclusive proof is the record of last year's conversions, recently published in Shanghai. Even the optimists were surprised to discover that there had been a falling off of only 1,300 from the total of the previous year, and that thus there were 87,387 converts baptized. Baptisms, which totaled 560,000 (the figure includes converts, children of Christians, and adults and children in danger of death) actually showed an increase

of over 13,000.

Encouraging also is the fact that Catholic-school enrollment has been affected relatively little and remains at almost 400,000. Though the Church in China has suffered during the past year, the balance is tremendously in her favor through the prestige her devoted members have gained for her by their demonstration of the beauty of the teachings of Christ, caring for the suffering, the homeless, the hungry, the fearful, in the war areas.

Apart from what can be termed war activities, it is important to bear in mind that very encouraging signs of progress are registered in spheres which are concerned with the permanent building of the Church in China. The higher schools—the Catholic University of Peking, Aurora University of Shanghai, and the *Hautes Etudes* of Tientsin—all report encouraging progress.

While Aurora has suffered financially, its class work has continued. That the University is in high esteem is demonstrated by a recent gift of 20,000 books, presented by a learned



In Aurora, a Chinese Catholic University, all report encouraging progress.

Shanghai pagan. The Catholic University of Peking will soon add one more scholarly achievement by the publication of the first volume of a Catholic Encyclopedia in Chinese. At all three universities a number of notable conversions are reported yearly.

This year's quota of new Chinese priests will be practically of normal size and will total almost 200. Friendliness of the general public has encouraged churchmen to adopt more open forms of approach to the people, and thus the radio has become an instrument of the apostolate. Bishop Jantzen of Chungking was invited by Chiang Kai-shek to broadcast a memorial message in Chinese on Pope Pius XI. A group of priests in Shanghai have been giving a semi-weekly series of broadcasts in English, which have become very popular with Westerners.

DYNAMO OF DON BOSCO—

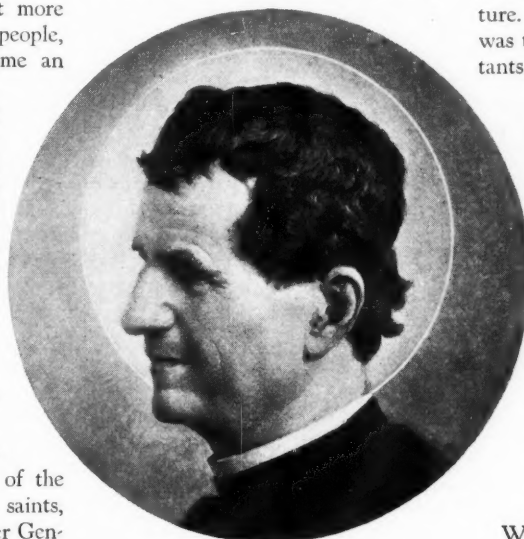
RECENTLY in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, honor was paid to one of the Church's newly canonized saints, Mother Mazzarello, first Mother General of the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians, popularly known as the Salesian Sisters. Don Bosco founded this community as well as the Salesian Congregation, which is composed of Fathers and Brothers. The two communities constitute the Salesian family, which is one of the most dynamic forces in the Church of our day.

The Salesian Congregation consists of some thirteen thousand priests and Brothers, and the community of Sisters also numbers many thousands. It is most important to remember that they represent an idea with a flame of zeal behind it. The idea is the building of Catholic life by binding youth to the Church with every bond of affection. Don Bosco, beginning in anti-clerical days in northern Italy, won the young by playgrounds, trade schools, classrooms for the poor, but most of all by a happy disposition, attractive ideals, and warm personal interest in the welfare of every individual.

The Salesian idea has gone over-

seas to the mission fields and is now serving not only to strengthen the faith of the people but to call new peoples to the Faith.

As yet in English-speaking countries we have heard relatively little about Don Bosco, but we shall be stronger Catholics and better-humored citizens by making his acquaintance. It is the succession in the Church of such men with a message



SAINT DON BOSCO
Founder of the Salesian Congregation

that keeps it perennially young and vital.

PALADINS—

WE are interested to see that the directors of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade have determined that every delegate to the Crusade Convention at Washington in late August will by the fact of his or her attendance qualify as a Crusade Paladin. This decision seems well conceived. Maryknoll can testify that many men and women in this country, rendering very effective assistance to the world apostolate, received from their attendance at a Crusade Convention an impetus which promises to make them strong advocates of missions as long as they live.

We are writing before the fact and hence cannot comment on this latest mission gathering of Amer-

ica's student world. We have every reason to believe that it will prove as inspirational as previous conventions, and that it will cement attachment to the mission ideal in still another student generation.

HUNGER FOR UNION—

THE world leaders of Protestant foreign missions met at Madras last winter and planned for the future. Among the matters discussed was the need of union among Protestants, particularly in the missions. We quote below a statement prepared for the conference by Christians of mission lands.

"The divisions of Christendom are seen in their worst light in the mission fields. Instances were cited by the representatives of the younger churches of disgraceful competition, wasteful overlapping, and of groups and individuals turned away from the church because of the divisions within. Disunion is both a stumbling block to the faithful and a mockery to those without.

We confess with shame that we ourselves have often been the cause of thus bringing dishonor to the religion of our Master. . . . Visible and organic union must be our goal.

"This, however, will require an honest study of those things in which the churches have differences, a widespread teaching of the common church membership in things that make for union and venturesome sacrifice on the part of all. Such a union alone will remove the evils arising out of our divisions. . . .

"We appeal with all the fervor we possess, to the responsible authorities of the older churches, to take this matter seriously to heart, to labor with the churches in the mission field to achieve this union, to support and encourage us in all our efforts to put an end to the scandalous effects of our divisions, and to lead us in the path of union, the union for which our Lord prayed, through which the world would indeed believe in the divine mission of the Son, our Lord Jesus Christ."

Among Our Friends—



Most Reverend Thomas A. Welch, D.D., Bishop of Duluth.

DULUTH BURSE—

TO count a diocese among our friends may seem like drawing the long bow. But such is not true when we say that the Duluth Diocese has been among our best friends for more than twenty years. When Archbishop McNicholas was appointed to that northern see in 1919 he began a Duluth Diocese Burse, which under his successor, Most Reverend Thomas A. Welch, D.D., has been added to year by year, until now

it nears completion. In initiating the diocesan burse the Bishop wrote: "We are short of priests here and short of funds to prepare young men for the priesthood. But in opening a burse for the Duluth Diocese I am convinced that we are not hoarding the seed, but planting it." Bishop Welch has repeated this hope of his predecessor and still carries on the traditional friendliness of the Duluth Diocese for Maryknoll. In their own great need they can see out beyond the seas. Friends indeed!

PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH—

DIOCESAN Directors of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith have long maintained a high place on our list of friends.

The Philadelphia director, Reverend Henry V. Walsh, has been very successful in raising an \$800 memorial to the late Father Francis J. Connors, who died in Philadelphia at Misericordia Hospital; and the nurses of that place played no inconsiderable part in bringing the memorial to completion. In thanking the nurses for their sacrifices Father Walsh wrote: "It would seem that Misericordia is determined almost on doing the whole job. Your various gifts to Father Connors's Memorial fund amount to \$330." Maryknoll is deeply grateful to Father Walsh and the nurses—splendid friends!

C.S.M.C.—

CONGRATULATIONS to the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade as it approaches its twenty-first birthday. Under the capable guidance of world-wide-hearted leaders the Crusade has long since reached a maturity that has

been gratifying to those concerned with furthering the cause of foreign missions. Maryknoll and Maryknollers everywhere have followed the C.S.M.C. since its inception in 1918, when the United States knew all too little of the missions, their needs and their problems.

ONE THOUSAND PRIESTS—

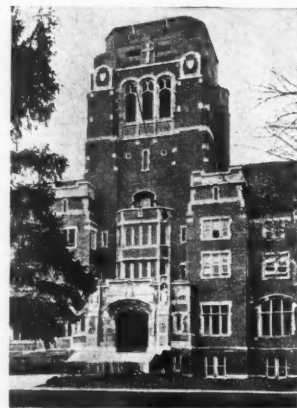
AN old friend, a subscriber from the start, surprised us recently with a remark: "One of my reasons for liking Maryknoll so much is that you never show 'a poor mouth'—you're not always begging!" And we thought we were.

A poor mouth, of course, leaves a bad taste; and although we do beg—in one way or another—we try to make the touch as gentle as possible. Recently we begged our American priests to aid us in a campaign to secure ONE THOUSAND vocations—each priest to foster at least one vocation for the missions. The American clergy defended their title of "Maryknoll's best friends" again when we received more than a thousand answers assuring us of wholehearted cooperation. We have no doubt that many others will yet respond. If Maryknoll is, as one priest writes, "the glory of the Church in America" it is because our brother priests have backed us so staunchly in our efforts to bring "God to pagan souls, and pagan souls to God." One thousand vocations, sponsored by our brother priests, are bound to draw down untold blessings on the homeland.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS—

KENRICK Seminary (St. Louis) was one of the first in this country to form a mission-aid society among the student body. Under the guidance of Reverend Joseph P. Donovan, C.M., the seminarians at Kenrick have had at heart the interest of the missions since 1914, supplying not only funds and spiritual cooperation but vocations deeply imbued with a mission spirit. Not only Bishop A. Paschang, M.M., D.D., Vicar Apostolic of Maryknoll's Mission in Kongmoon, South China, is an alumnus of Kenrick; four other Maryknollers now engaged in mission work in fields afar claim Kenrick as their Alma Mater, too.

Maryknoll joins in heartiest congratulations to Kenrick's zealous moderator of the C.S.M.C., Father Donovan, and to the Kenrick Unit on the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation.



Kenrick Seminary, Webster Groves, Missouri

The Month's Prize Letter

Dear Fathers,

Our Board of Directors has authorized me to write to you and tell you of a resolution passed at our recent meeting.

As you will note from our letterhead, we are a large manufacturing concern. In preparing our yearly outlay for advertising and sales promotion we have decided to set aside \$365 as a yearly expense to support a missionary.

We do not consider this as "advertising," since we prefer to remain anonymous, but we are all convinced that this full-time support of a missionary as part of our regular "overhead" will bring God's blessing upon our business.

—M.M.J., Missouri

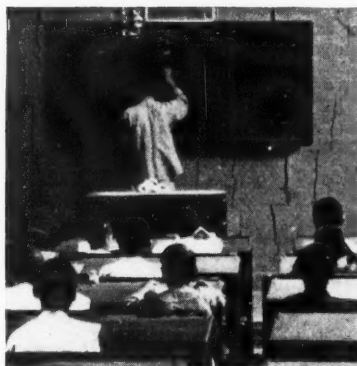
IN a critical moment a legacy has often come to Maryknoll's aid.

But, considering that there are twenty million Catholics in the United States, the number who think of Maryknoll in their wills seems negligible. Perhaps the advantages accruing to religion through such means have not become known.

The Catholic Sentinel wisely remarks: "If Catholics, taken collectively, felt that their wills were incomplete unless they made at least some slight remembrance of God's works they could make our Catholic institutions vie with the most richly endowed non-Catholic institutions."

In the program of God's works the truly Catholic mind will certainly include the missions in pagan lands, which often are overshadowed by enormous Protestant edifices, built and endowed by American wealth.

For those who wish to know more of the spiritual and temporal considerations involved in the question of legacies, we have a booklet, which we shall be glad to mail you on request, "The Making of a Catholic Will." Another booklet, "The Maryknoll Annuity," explains yet another method of benefiting the missions while securing an assured income for life.



SCHOOL DAYS

THE school's the thing!—both at home and in the mission field. Yet perhaps, because of the great contacts made through schools in the Orient, the need is still greater there. Governments harassed with weightier problems have not been able to cope with that of education in many sections of the Far East, and even where government schools have been established there has been little opportunity provided therein to give a place to God.

"Schools—a vital problem—" says one missionary, "are the doorway to wholesale conversions." Because of their simple construction, schools can be built in outlying missions for as little as \$300. See the Want Ad list on your right.

Maryknoll Want Ads

Buildings Wanted

\$300 for each of five country chapels is needed in the Wuchow Vicariate, South China.

\$500 will build a good-sized chapel at Lao Hu Tai in Manchukuo's Fushun Prefecture.

Capital Wanted

Kaying's Native Seminary must expand. \$2,500 will build a much-needed new wing.

Tung Gnon has "clung on" to the converts made, but now they need a church. The Vicar Apostolic of Kongmoon needs \$1,500 for this.

Help Wanted

Eight dispensaries in the Wuchow missions need \$25 a month each, to care for the 1,000 annual medical cases treated. Can you help them?

\$500 a year will help support for a year the native Sisters in the Kweilin Mission.

A big need—a big help. Ten thousand dollars will build a tuberculosis sanatorium in the Kyoto Mission. Help towards that amount will be welcomed, too.

Tutors and Private Instruction Wanted

\$15 a month must be paid to 75 catechists in the Fushun Mission. Figure it up!

Twenty native novices preparing for Peng Yang's Korean Sisterhood need \$15 a month each for their support. How do they do it?

\$1,000 a year will keep ten native catechists at work in the Kyoto Mission. Imagine the returns!

Opportunities

You can build a convent in Kaying for as low as \$650.

Mampo in Korea is not a spa; it's one of Peng Yang's villages in need of a chapel and rectory. \$3,000.

Only three Maryknoll Sisters in the Kweilin Mission, but the pastor needs \$750 a year to support them.

Every church and chapel in Kongmoon's Vicariate will benefit from a gift of \$750 for a year's supply of Mass candles for the entire Mission. A simple way to share in many Masses.



Sailing, Sailing

BECAUSE of a little family squabble out here in China, traveling has become a bit difficult. Add to that the fact that all boats leaving Sancian do so on a wind schedule, and you will know definitely why my few remaining hairs are now of a grayish hue. After spending two and a half months down here on the *Lido* of the Orient—rather, the rocky coast of Sancian—I decided to see the world. It was about time I made a confession trip; and also there was no money in the till, and one of the customs is to pay the help.

Hiring one of the native yachts, I sailed over to Father Lavin's for a visit. Tut-tut! After a five-hour trip I missed him by two hours. The following morning away we blew on our return trip to Sancian. The wind was what the natives call "unfavorable," but I know better ways to describe it. We upped and downed for eleven hours, before we docked at the Sancian pier. The crew spent six hours of the eleven rowing, while I was doing my best to persuade my stomach that I was not hungry.

Father John T. Joyce, M.M., of Kew Gardens, Long Island, has been holding the fort at Maryknoll's missions on Sancian Island—the spot hallowed by Saint Francis Xavier's death. He shares with our readers his nautical ventures.

I thought I should wait until the pastor returned—he was doing relief work in Canton—and in the meantime hand out I.O.U.'s to the help, but the wind changed my mind. The next morning a zephyr was blowing toward Kwang Hoi and the other world. We sailed again at ten, going north with a strong east wind. This day the crew thought 'twould be better to go through the waves rather than over them; and, though I grant it was exciting, it was also a bit damp-

VOLUNTEERS

in the army of Christ are needed today more than ever. An enemy "not of flesh and blood" is killing immortal souls, every minute.

Will you fight? The sword is the Cross of Christ; the field is the Orient. Only a few friends and God will back you. The price: sacrifice, denial, separation in this life; immortal glory in the next.

ening. After we docked I boarded a bus for Toi Shaan.

Late in the afternoon I arrived at Father O'Neill's, but he too was away on a mission trip. The next morning I boarded a bus for Kongmoon. This is the closest thing to riding a horse bareback that exists.

Returning from Kongmoon, I found that the busses run part of the way; the passengers run the rest. It took a whole day to get to Toi Shaan.

At two in the afternoon I boarded a boat and had dinner with the crew. At seven I could have thrown a stone and broken a window in the village we had left five hours before—that is, if I had had a stone and if there had been any windows. The crew began to worry about pirates—honest!—and a possible all-night sail, so back we went to our starting point.

Again the next morning I embarked, but this time we had a favorable wind and in five hours docked at Sancian. *Deo gratias* was my prayer then, and I won't be doing any more traveling in a long time, if I can find a way to hear my own confession and mint my own money.

MARYKNOLL MISSION EDUCATION BUREAU

It's too hot in summer to bother much with anything apart from the effort to live a day at a time. The rambling attitude unconsciously attacks one; and, since **Rambling** there is no resistance offered this vacation germ, it has its way. Even the bookworms, hard at work as they are during all other seasons, indulge in only the lightest of diets. Light reading, shady coolness, unhurried leisure, these are the symptoms that bookworms have succumbed to the midsummer apathy in which the summering, simmering world is immersed. Things past and things far away beckon.

The nostalgia for what is not immediately present points its signpost to places and things on the hills that are green far away. A good handbook guide for **Historic Spots** summer wanderers in search of adventure (bookworms or not) is Longmans Green's *Pilgrim Places in North America*, by Ralph and Henry Woods. For \$1.50, nomadic vacationists are started out on their wanderings across our own continent. One hundred and eighty-eight pages of spots the wanderer can choose from are sufficient variety for any adventure-thirsty nomad. As it happens, history of North America clings to these Catholic pilgrim shrines. Medievalists, journalists, here is something to tempt you out of the

library along the vacation trail. And, if you perhaps are a bit doubtful about whether or not the mission idea has taken hold of our own land, you can go on a visit to several monuments to mission activity—to the old missions of the west coast and even to Maryknoll on the east coast!



From "Grey Dawns and Red" by Marie Fischer
See page 224.

At least, so say Ralph and Henry Woods.

Shut in? If so, there is something more than mere work keeping you from the outdoor world. Maybe you are one of that vast army of patient sufferers who **Shut In?** live familiarly with pain year in and year out. There's a way for you, too, to ramble along the mission trail. Clara M. Tiry will gladly be your

guide in her *Ten Blessed Years, A Brief History of The Apostolate of Suffering*, 1926, 1936; \$1.00 for a paper-bound copy; \$1.50 for cloth-bound. Incidentally, Maryknoll was the first beneficiary of this remarkable organization: the pioneer members not only prayed and suffered for our missionaries, but also with skillful needles created snows of linen that now cover some far-away little mission altars.

Little Theater Groups are already wondering why they have not yet been mentioned in our rambling. Everytime these things come up, they naturally expect special mention. And they are going to get it here and now! **Little Theater Groups** *Father Damien*, a play by Edward Snelson, published by Longmans Green, price 3/6 net, answers a demand. All the members can have a chance to speak lines; you might even have to go out into the lanes and byways and force incipient actors to come in and join the crowd. There is a crowd—a speaking chorus throughout the play—accompanying the main characters. Surely any play of any real worth with *Father Damien of Molokai* as leading man would go clean across the boards. Anyway, we suggest that you try it out. With typical, luxuriant, Hawaiian background on your stage—outdoors may be preferable—the lofty ideals and speeches ought to sing themselves successfully into your summer program. It's really a vivid pageant with some genuine drama carrying it along.

What do missionaries do? Father T. Gavan Duffy, who hardly needs an introduction to mission lovers, can answer that question. For years his field of labor has been India. In a new **What DO Missioners Do?** series of attractive and unusual little books (\$1.00 donation for each to be given to Father Duffy's catechists, who help him teach doctrine) the author in his own inimitable style accepts nonchalantly the unspoken challenge and, what is more, entertains the reader by the hour. *The Sower Went Out*, *Fantastic Uncle*, *The Voyager*, *The Blind Spot* are not pious letters from a missionary; they are letters intensely full of Catholic Action in the great cause of souls. Anyone who knows Father Duffy knows what to expect from the vim and vigor of his humor. When you get tired of fanciful fiction and its hairbreadth adventures, turn to these virile accounts by a virile writer and virile apostle.

"Swell Story"

A high-school boy in Massachusetts writes:

"I have just finished 'Grey Dawns and Red' and like it very much. It is a swell story.

"Theophane Venard made me think of Our Lord, dying for his people. Theophane's father, although he did not seem to approve of his son and daughter being religious, was really proud of them.

"I think Theophane was a regular fellow and that any boy or girl wanting adventure and thrills ought to read 'Grey Dawns and Red.' My teacher liked it, too. I think all grown-ups will like it."

—F. B.

GREY DAWNS AND RED, by Marie Fischer, is the latest book of the Maryknoll Bookshelf. It was published in April by Sheed and Ward.

\$1.25

**The Maryknoll Bookshelf,
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.**

Send copies of
Grey Dawns and Red.

☐ \$..... enclosed. ☐ Bill me.

Name

Address

The Maryknoll Associates

Maryknoll has no mere subscribers to its magazine. Every person who enrolls by the payment of \$1.00 becomes a MARYKNOLL ASSOCIATE for one year and, in addition to receiving THE FIELD AFAR, is a member of the Society, sharing in 11,000 Masses yearly and in the prayers, labors, and privations of the missionaries.

A PERPETUAL ASSOCIATE makes payment of \$50, either immediately or in installments within a period of two years. A deceased person may be enrolled as a Perpetual Associate.

A MARYKNOLL BENEFACTOR is one who has assisted to the extent of \$1,000 and becomes by this fact a Perpetual Associate.

A MARYKNOLL FOUNDER is one who has provided a sum of \$5,000 or more; such a person likewise becomes by this fact a Perpetual Associate.

NEW MARYKNOLL PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES

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Deceased: Benefactors: A. Loth; M. Bach; Miss A. Halton; Deceased Associates: Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. McGivney; Rev. T. Cullen; Rev. J. Shaw; M. Loomam; J. Hill; E. Byrnes; J. Dwyer; R. McElhenney; J. J. Higgins; E. McGinnis; J. Kelly; J. Colvey; M. E. Shea; C. Fallon; M. B. Lothamer; M. Snee; A. M. Curley; W. H. Geisel, Jr.; T. Sudtelgie; T. Devlin; W. M. Bates.

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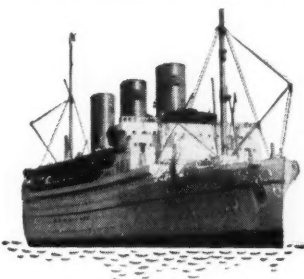
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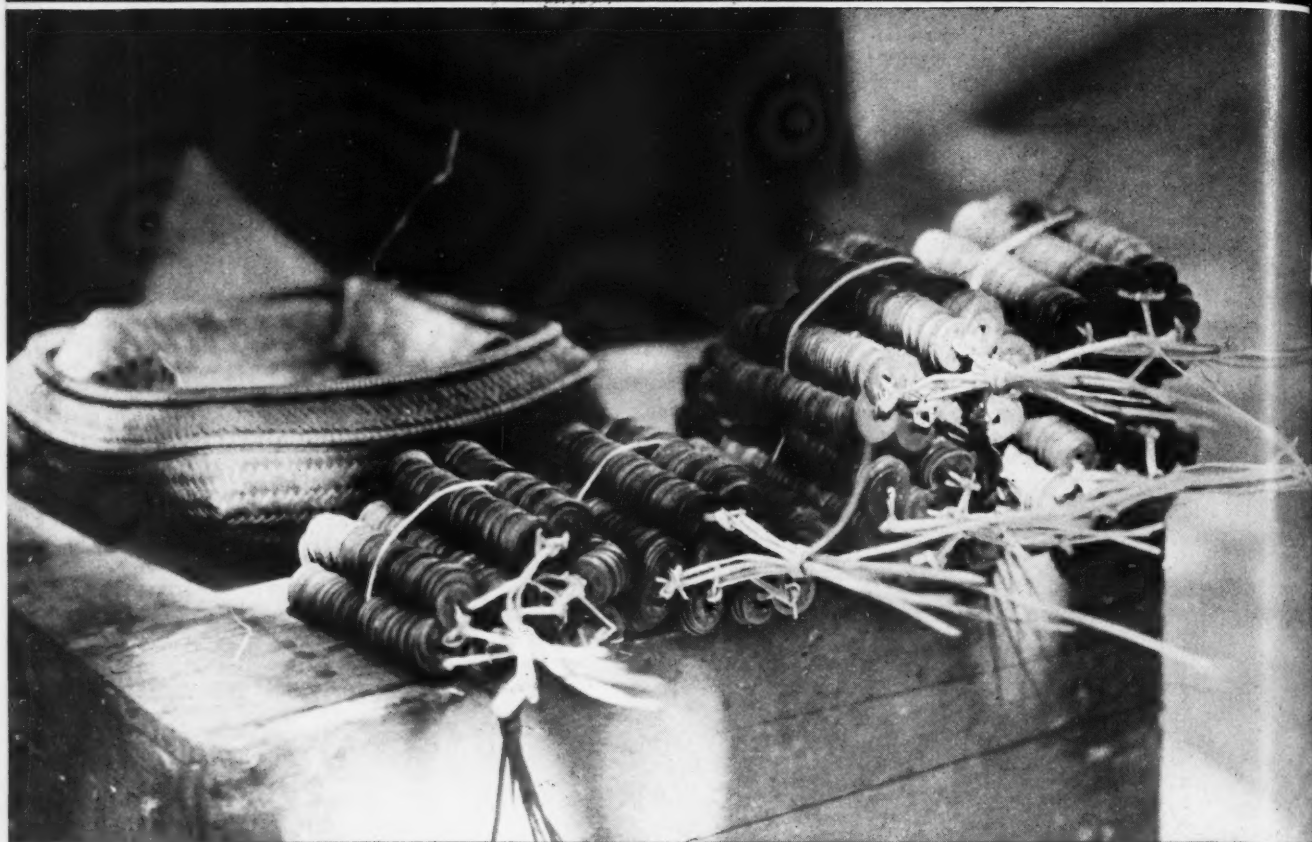
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